The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

VOL. XXII, NO. 7 OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER 10, 1924. PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

PUBLISHERS'S NOTICE: The Collegian is published twice a month by the students of Saint Mary's College, Oakland, California. Subscriptions, $1.00 per Semester, payable in advance, postage prepaid. Single copies 15 cents.

Address all communications to The Collegian, Saint Mary's College, Oakland, California. Make all checks payable to The Collegian.

Entered as second class matter October 4, 1922, at the postoffice, at Oakland, California, under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1163, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 4, 1922.

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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR

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HOW A COLLEGE EDUCATION IS MISUSED

Within the last week a local daily saw fit to comment upon the news that our State Prison contained a sufficient number of inmates, who were college graduates, to make up an adequate teaching faculty. The editorial concluded with a question which makes us bold to rise in defense of collegiate education. Quite naively it searched for the element left out in the education of these prisoners—implying that complete education prohibits crime.

We might end the speculation by supplying for the missing element in their education, religious and the resultant moral tone to augment their mental development. However, it seems as if in this instance, lack of morality is not the cause of crime. Rather a wrong perspective of the great principles or truths and an innocent misunderstanding of the human laws, seem to appear as the proximate cause. Irrespective of the university degrees they may possess or whatever degree of perfection they may have reached in scientific, literary or philosophical fields, these in themselves, do not offset the susceptibility to crime.

Most of us are ordinary men, some of us are lifted out of the pale of the ordinary by the uplifting hand of knowledge. If we fail to appreciate this possession; if we use its power to false ends, then we have never benefitted by the help of education. On this rests our contention that these graduate inmates may not be educated, yet possess college degrees. That subtle quality which defies definition, yet is the essence of true refinement, has been searched for by educators, as fervently as did the Knights of old for the Holy Grail. Many mount in search and few return triumphantly to grace the Round Table of True Education.

The reason education did not keep these men out of prison is that they misused its potentialities. They believed it had power to send them through life as a flaming rocket, uncontrolled and moving by the power of its own brightness. They forgot that their individual ideas were as grains of sand compared to the mountain of life. They misinterpreted society and its laws. Knowledge does not free us from the bonds of social co-operation, rather it should teach that alone we are helpless, no matter how great our knowledge. Alone we are nothing. But let us join with others, add our share of help to society and we become inspiring and powerful. This we believe is what these unfortunate educated prisoners failed to realize.

THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas will soon be here. The word Christmas transports us into another world—the world of good will. Once more we see Our Savior and Our Blsesed Lady in the stable of Bethelem; we imagine quietness, beauty and serenity everywhere; we see the three Wise Men, come from the East to worship Him who came upon earth to save us. Something of the joy that must have been theirs seems to take possession of our hearts at the mention of that day of joy and happiness, Christmas.

In a few weeks all the Christian world and especially the voice of Mother Church will resound the words of the Angels who announced the coming of the Savior to the shepherds.: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy. This day is born to you a Savior, who is Christ, the Lord." And ever after this day was celebrated as Christ's Day or Christmas.

But leave the beautiful story for a moment we must, to consider a few who call themselves Christians and yet, who fail to realize the spirit and beauty of this day. Although many have accepted without question the minor conventions connected with this "holiday," they utterly fail to consider it as Christ' day. Generally, such an attitude results from the present day mania for business and wealth. For many, financial success is the shrine at which they offer all their talents. No, we scoff only at those who would set their riches up before them as a God—and then worship it. Paganism in this sense will doom civilization to ruin. Paganism in this sense has never lived. Paganism in this sense can never live because it ignores love—the love of others.

To forestall this paganism, Christ came upon the earth nearly two thousand years ago. From that day until this, Christmas has been observed with the greatest possible solemnity and reverence. So that whatever selfishness and greed there may be, it seems to spread a soothing and humanizing influence. It makes us bold to say to whoever we may meet, "A Merry Christmas to you."

And so we of The Collegian staff extend to our friends and readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

With us this is not merely a formality, a duty, a custom, but a truly heartfelt wish. With the New Year we shall make new resolutions for a better Collegian and with the Christmas, we make joy with what little we have been able to accomplish. We end this greeting and general reminder of the Christmas spirit, with the angelic salutation to the people of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

CHRISTMAS TIME ON MARKET STREET

In the icy cold December, do I frequently remember
Of the merry Christmas time on Market Street,
With those luring Christmas sights, and the thousand blazing lights,
Lights that are the lamps for many feet.

But now I'm far away, from that city by the bay,
Where those Christmas lights are gleaming through the night,
And a voice strikes at my heart, that is telling me, —"Depart
For the City where the Christmas time is bright."

But, alas! I'm forced to dwell, like a hermit in his cell,
In a country many thousand miles away.
There are many people here, with their drinking and good cheer,
But it does not seem to me like Christmas day.

Oh! I'm longing now, to be in that city by the sea,
With the multitude of ever shifting feet;
Even now I see those lights, shining through the misty night,
Oh! I know 'tis Christmas time on Market Street.

SCHOLASTIC JOHN '28

Love they to live, that love and honor have,
For do we must, what force would have us do.

—Richard II

A PHILOSOPHER DISCUSSES THE "MAGNUM CAPUT"

"Magnum caput" is a Latin expression which translated into our ultra-modern English means, "Swell head." Yes, even the Romans had to contend with the disease. And if you will go further back, to the time of the hieroglyphics of some of the older races, even they had "big heads." Of course this is inferred merely from the drawings themselves.

Without being the least bit profane, even Christ had His ideas of the "magnum caput." On the Mount of the Beatitudes, Our Lord proclaimed:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

"Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the Lamb."

The other Beatitudes are likewise a warning to one who has a bad case of "magnum caput." These two are more direct.

Francis Bacon writes: "Seeming wise men may make shift to get opinion; but let no man choose them for employment, for certainly you were better take for business a man somewhat absurd than over-formal." Over-formal is Bacon's way of saying "magnum caput."

Superiority is what man is ever striving for but he must never lord his superiority over his fellow competitor. That is why winning football teams are sometimes the losers. A win in football is nothing compared with a "win" in life. That is why Christ said, "Blessed are the meek." "Magnum caput" never produced a win for anyone, remember that.

Some people never stop to think that "grass is always greener on the other side of the fence," so they proceed to get the "magnum caput" on your side. Give them a boost and help them over. Maybe the inhabitants on that side won't be so ready to boost them back where there is really plenty of grass.

It is better to stop a bad case of "magnum caput" at the beginning, because it is like a little rubber balloon. The bigger it gets, the louder it pops.

To summarize these few thoughts, a "swelled head" never got anyone anything either spiritually, mentally or physically, and what is more, it never will.

INTERCLASS COMPETITION SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED

As a means of approaching the ideal relation between students at Saint Mary's, interclass competition in athletics as well as in other fields, should be encouraged. It is realized that in order to put into the field an athletic team to compete against other colleges, a group of students must be selected and trained intensively for the Varsity contests. But on the other hand, the rest of the students in college, who for various reasons are not adapted to Varsity competition, should be personally interested in athletics.

So inorder to give these men an opportunity to compete, a series of interclass games should be arranged. The direct benefit of such competition is twofold. The students get the benefit of the exercise, and this competition serves as a connecting link between the classes as units. Here at Saint Mary's we have a hard thing to contend with. In the midst of a large city, there are too many places of amusement to which the student can go without any trouble. Then again, a great many of them live at home and are able to give to the college only the time spent during classes. Hence, the men do not get together as they should. You cannot like a man until you know him and there are three ways of learning to like a man; live with him, go camping with him, or compete in athletics either against or with him. Interclass games furnish a way to know and like your fellow student. Again, each class is intent upon winning from the rival class and to that end all of the members of the class bend their efforts. Secondly, this competition affords an opportunity for some students to show the ability they have as an athlete.

Basketball and baseball are in season. Teams should be made up now and challenges issued. That intensity of spirit that prevails during football season should be kept up and can be by a few interclass contests.

EZRA POUND, SATIRIST

The futuristic painter in his endeavor to express the feelings that move him to create, often succeeds in completing a weird looking canvas that is practically unintelligible to anyone except himself. The fact that this work seems to be worth while to him leads the artist to imagine it a masterpiece and he would probably be indignant if one were to condemn it as being a waste of time. His fellow futurists might possibly interpret the spirit which the artist wished to portray and could then pass their judgment upon this particular effort with greater understanding than others with a reasonable sense of art could. But because this painting is possessed of certain qualities of an odd or misguided originality, it is not placed on an equal plane with the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, Van Dyke or the other geniuses. The general acceptance of the futurist today is one of simple toleration. We see little in him to admire and much to condemn but we endure him nevertheless with what grace we can and are content to pass over his works very lightly, avoiding even the slightest of his influence. In this same way we deal with the works of Ezra Pound who seems to be a literary futurist.

As a poet, Pound does not exhibit any particular ability for his works are formless and disjointed. His thoughts seem to be clashing with each other in their attempt to escape from his mind to the paper upon which he writes. There can hardly be any sense of proportion or coherence in a work written under this condition and this, in a measure, explains why Pound is decidedly not a good poet. His poems ramble on, sometimes having a mere series of thoughts placed one after the other. Like a vague will o' the wisp always beyond our grasp we strive in vain to get a definite idea or a clear conception of the subject the poet is writing about. We meet in Pound free verse in quantity. Sometimes there is merely a line or two to show us a ramdom thought which was not important enough to draw forth other thoughts which might be built into a whole verse. Often we find merely a shapeless, formless series of sentences all apparently trying to develop into a rhythmical verse but not succeeding entirely. Despite this, however, we can find in Pound a certain airy, carefree touch which gives us the impression that the poet is subject to moods which may make him pleasing or repulsive according to their nature. Nor is humor overlooked for this writer shows a tendency to indulge in sayings and examples of what we consider wit, to a marked degree. But this wit is a cynical, biting kind which leaves a slight disgust as it departs. In almost all cases we could call it satirical for Pound seems intent upon criticizing and ridiculing everything which does not thoroughly please him. He seems to be like a schoolboy who cannot adapt himself to the idea that things may be practical and valuable even though he himself derives no good from them.

But worst of all, Pound says anything he wishes. He belongs apparently, to that class of writers who believe they can say anything without fear of reproach if they can say it in a polished way. We could excuse Pound for haranguing against custom or the affectations of certain types of people but when he irrevocably casts his lot in with the unnecessarily low-witted writers who disregard the laws of fitness of things, we lose sympathy for him. Art suffers many afflictions without complaining, and like justice, "many sins are committed in her name," but such atrocities as can be avoided should be and if a poet merely writes a few lines of lower wit to show how cleverly he can express himself, he thereby lowers his gift. This is perhaps the biggest fault we have to find with Ezra Pound.

He cannot be read with ease for his expressions require a great deal of thought in order to be understood properly. The imagination also must be brought to bear for his thoughts are particularly hard to visualize. It is rather disillusioning to discover at the end of a period of concentration over one of Pound's poems that the main idea is very ordinary but is wrapped up so deeply in a haze as to make it almost inaccessible. By making himself rather obscure in meaning this writer sometimes makes us think him deep but upon closer inspection we discover that he has covered up the meagerness of his materials by this artificial means.

Pound is a destructive writer as his constant attack upon different things will show. For every line of commendation, he writes ten lines of cynical irony. He exhibits traits of sensuality which show his own personality far better than might be expected despite the fact that he seems to avoid any personal touch. In his iconoclastic endeavors, he acts very much like one who has found the doors of society closed against him and for this reason has tried to belittle what he has failed to secure.

The task of judging the qualities of a modern writer's works is one which may produce any number of mistaken conceptions. We can seldom judge the ultimate value of a poet by his early works or by what he does in one book. Too often the whole aspect of a man's writings undergoes a radical change and perhaps the later poems of a poet will be directly opposed to former ones. Perhaps even Ezra Pound may produce something that will endure down through the years and which will bring him lasting fame. In his present state however we can hold out little hope for him for he has nothing to give us that will advance us intellectually and we find it a pleasure to have done with him. We leave him gladly, being only too anxious to forget him by turning to poets such as Joyce Kilmer or Frances Thompson.

ALBERT J. FARRELL '26

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, THE MAN

To all who knew James Whitcomb Riley, he was considered their most amusing and most lovable friend. He inspired affection by reason of his gentleness and inherent kindliness. He was a domestic, even a cloistral being; he disliked noise and large gatherings; he hated familiarity and nothing annoyed him more than to be clapped on the back. Riley's best friends never laid hands on him.

Riley's reading was marked with a casualness that was a part of his nature. It was never safe to assume he was acquainted with some book that might seem foreign to his tastes. His literary judgments were sound, though his prejudices often led him astray. It may be said that he knew all that it was important for him to know of books, at least as much as most litterateurs.

Riley had, undoubtedly at some time felt Poe's spell, for there are unmistakable traces of Poe's influence in his earliest work. This is shown by the fact that Riley obtained his first recognition through an imitation of Poe in the poem "Leonanie" which was published as having been found in an old schoolbook that had been Poe's property.

Whitman had no attraction for Riley; he thought him something of a charlatan. He greatly admired Stevenson and always kept a picture of him near at hand. He early recognized Kipling's genius, and always confessed gratefully his indebtedness to Longfellow, Mark Twain and Bret Harte. Harte's use of dialect in his verses probably strengthened Riley's confidence in the Hoosier speech.

His humor was similar to that of Mark Twain's. He and Riley seemed to meet on common ground. He always had a witty remark for every occurrence. In a lecture on the "Humorous Story," Mark Twain referring to the story of the "One Legged Soldier," and the different ways of telling it, once said: "It takes only a minute and a half to tell it in its comic form; and it isn't worth telling at all. Put it into the humorous story form, it takes ten minutes, and is about the funniest thing I have ever listened to—as James Whitcomb Riley tells it."

It is always a matter for speculation as to just what effect a college training would have upon men of Riley's type, who nevertheless find their way into the world of literature. Some say he would have been injured rather than benefitted by an ample education. He was chiefly concerned with human nature and it was his fortune to know profoundly those definite phases and contracts of life which he was easily the master.

Besides writing, Riley had a great talent as a dramatic reader. If he had turned his talents to the stage he could not have failed to win the highest praise. So vivid were his impersonations and so readily did he create an atmosphere of the dramatic, that one seemed to be witnessing a play with a well set stage and a troup of players. He possessed in a large degree the magnetism that is characteristic of great actors; there was something very appealing and winning in his slight figure as he came upon the stage.

Politics never interested Riley. He voted only once and that was on the request of a friend who was the candidate for a local office. Finding later that in his ignorance of the proper manner of preparing his ballot he had voted for his friend's opponent, he made a vow never to vote again and to this he strictly held.

The optimism, tolerance and mercy, which characize his verse, sum up his religion. For a time he was deeply interested in Spiritualism and he attended seances; but it is thought he derived no consolation from these as he never mentioned the subject in later years. Though he never probed far into such matters, speculation as to immortality always appealed to him, and he often voiced his confidence that he and his friends would meet and recognize somewhere in the Great Beyond.

Here was a life singularly blessed in the abundance of its hopes and aims. Few poets of any period have received so generous an expression of public regard and affection as did Riley. The very simplicity of his message to the world and the beauty with which it was delivered won him the following that he enjoyed and seems likely to, far into the future. Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, were his happy portion, and he left the world richer for the faith and hope and honest mirth that he brought into it.

VINCENT BURKE '28

A FEW "THINKS" CONCERNING THE K. OF C.

The Knights of Columbus was organized with the purpose in view of uniting under one banner the Catholic manhood of the city of New Haven, Connecticut. At the time of the establishment of Columbianism in that city, bigotry in the State of Connecticut was rampant. What was needed in New Haven was needed throughout the United States of America and is needed as much today as it was forty-two years ago when the Knights of Columbus was incorporated under the laws of the State of Connecticut.

The Catholic Church, founded by Jesus Christ nearly two thousand years ago has struggled through, conquered and come out triumphantly in every persecution it has met. The Church has as one of its cardinal virtues, Unity.

The Unity of the Church should and must extend to the members that make up her children. The happiness of a family depends on the principle of unity; the success of an undertaking must have the co-operated—united effort—of each and everyone who forms a part of the aim and the purpose.

Catholic men and Catholic women must unite. We are the cogs, as it were, in the great machinery of the Catholic Church. Our Church and our schools seem to be the target at which our enemies delight in shooting. The Church and its members have never yet been known to be on the offensive of any argument; the Church is not the instigator of trouble, but she has always been the "butt' of her enemies.

Cardinals, archibishops, bishops, and priests have not the opportunities of spreading good that the Catholic laymen and laywomen have. In every community there is need of an alert, active Catholic organization to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of the members of the Church; to defend the Church when attacked and to answer the questions of those seeking information pertaining to the Church.

To meet such emergencies, to be the defender of the Catholic Church, is the aim of the Knights of Columbus. That the Knights of Columbus has done its work well is manifest from its growth in the brief period of forty-two years. How well it has been said of the organizers of this the greatest Catholic lay body in the world that "they builded better than they knew."

The Order of the Knights of Columbus has four principles to which it owes its success; its unity, charity, fraternity and patriotism. Its united effort has been exemplified since its inception and this unity has given it the 800,000 members who are proud to call themselves Knights of Columbus.

Its charity has been extended to all in need. The Catholic University has been the recipient of $600,000; the flood sufferers of Japan, Texas, Ohio, Colorado, the fire victims of San Francisco, the war veterans and the children of Italy know what the Knights have done in the way of financial assistance.

The social advantages of membership in the Knights of Columbus are indeed valuable. We must have recreation. And in what does recreation consist? Is it not that which tends toward mental and physical upbuilding? Its entertainments and social functions are elevated and refined. Through our membership and our attendance at its functions we shall meet people actuated by the same ideals, the same thoughts, the same motives.

By our membership we shall be giving our moral support to all the undertakings and accomplishments of this great Order. We can stand on the inside and glory in its great work. We can be one of those ready to put our hand to the plow knowing that what we sow will add to the honor and glory of God, His Church and ourselves.

"In unity there is strength." By our membership we shall become in a greater sense a soldier of the army of Christ. If our enemies, if the enemies of the Catholic Church are united for her defeat, why should we not be united with other Catholic men for her continued glory. Though Christ has said that the Church will never be conquered we can become one of those who will aid in its unity and perpetuity.

—FORD O'CONNEL '27

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede. —Hamlet

A. P. G. U. LUNCHEON

The A. P. G. U. held its annual football luncheon at the Hotel Oakland on Nov. 26, and to say it was successful is putting it mildly. The enthusiasm that was manifested both by the speakers and by the students could not help but encourage the team. The committee in charge, under Herbert Copp, deserves praise for the manner in which the luncheon was conducted and for the speakers selected for the occasion. Among those who spoke were Brother Gregory, Coach Madigan, Captain Strader, Father Connelly S. J., Judge Brown, William Hines, Bert Shine and John Doran.

Judge Brown stressed the keynote of success both for life and for a winning football team in the words "the will to do." "There is not such word as 'can't'," he said, "and I know you men who go on the field tomorrow to fight for your Alama Mater will prove to your student body and to the Alumni that I am right."

The attendance at the banquet was the largest since the A. P. G. U. began sponsoring the affair four years ago. The A. P. G. U., while thanking the student body for its support, also comes in for its share of the praises for this annual pep luncheon which has more than fulfilled its purpose.

THE RALLY

"A fitting climax to weeks of preparation for the Big Game"—this is the praise the rally received from all who saw it. Everything in the rally was a success and to the committee goes the praise. The Collegian takes this opportunity of thanking these men for their ardent work.

Off hand, it is hard to say just which stunt won the greatest applause, but no one will deny that the audience was entertained all evening. While the acts were clever, mention must be made of the good music furnished by Clarence Carroll's orchestra and the decorations which made the Alumni Gym more home-like and cozy.

The Frosh stunt consisted in having the two rival teams meet before the big game. Byrne as Madigan and Hicks as Little Lord Fauntleroy, were particularly good.

For the Sophs R. Farrell played two selections as only "Sparky" can do it. Mellow and S. Cunningham performed a pantomine act which the crowd enjoyed immensely.

The jig by W. Tobin and two solos by McVey won applause for the Juniors.

The Mighty Boys were successful insofar as L. Da Massa was succesful. 'Nough said! A Spring dance by five members of the class formed their skit.

The Sacred Heart Club produced a diversity of material for its first appearance in college activities. Among the boys from across the bay who performed were, Carroll, O'Grady, Pometta, Davis, Arata, Hally and Regan.

The Frosh, Byrne, Smith, Reed, Hicks, Clayton, Donovan, Roddy.

The Sophs, R. Farrell, Mellow, S. Cunningham, Carroll, Roddy.

The Juniors, Palmer, McVey, Tobin, O'Connell, Martin, McCarthy.

The Seniors, F. Cunningham, Louis Bill, Westlake, Da Massa, G. Good, Roberts, Copp.

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FRESHMEN TO GIVE DANCE ON THE TWELFTH

On December second, in a meeting which called for a revival of college spirit in the freshman class, after a long and varied discussion, the lower classmen reached a decision on the particulars and date of the dance which they have been planning for some time. The dance is being given in honor of the football team and is a return dance to the sophomores, who earlier in the season proclaimed the freshmen guests at a similar affair.

Friday evening, December 12, is the date set for the dance, which, according to all indications, will be held at the Twentieth Century Club in Berkeley. Mr. Hagerty is faculty sponsor. The dance is not to be an elaborate affair but will be remembered as the most successful undertaking of the freshmen class.

SANTA CLARA- SAINT MARY'S PREP GAME

The annual game between the Saint Mary's and Santa Clara Preps was played on Sunday, Nov. 23, at Ewing Field and the Saints came out on top. In the first quarter, a twenty-five yard pass—Cunningham to Gavigan, and a couple of line bucks, gave the Saints first down on S. C.'s ten yard line. Illia bucked over for the first touchdown. Saint Mary's began another long march as the quarter ended. Long runs by Smith put the ball on the one yard line.

To start the second quarter, Tobin ploughed over for the second touchdown. Tobin's try for point hit the up-right, but failed to go over. A 35 yard run by Smith and bucks by Illia put over the third touchdown and De Souza converted. The score at the half was nineteen to nothing.

Although Santa Clara showed strength in the third period, the rally was quickly subdued. By a series of plays the Saints scored another touchdown, Smith circling left end for the score. De Souza converted.

Michels intercepted a pass in the fourth quarter and carried the ball to the nine yard line. De Souza then carried the ball over for the touchdown and he also converted for the extra point. The second team was put in near the close of the fourth quarter and the final score was made when Matson intercepted a pass and rushed over the line. Tobin's pass failed for the extra point. The game ended: Saint Mary's 38, Santa Clara 0.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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HIGH SCHOOL ENDS GRID YEAR WITH BANQUET

On the evening of December 3, a monster football banquet was given in honor of the High School and 135's football teams. The banquet was held in the Saint Mary's dining hall under the supervision of Brother Stevens. Among the speakers of the evening were, Coach Andrews, Brother Gregory, Mr. Madigan, Norman Strader and captain-elect Samuel Illia.

The spirit shown by the High school students all year invaded the dining hall and made the banquet a complete success. Music was furnished by a group of young jazicians from the High School department. The orchestra together with the yell leaders, furnished the large gathering with a very enjoyable evening. Those who played were, J. Fabing, H. Bertain, T. Joyce, A. Porter and Tom Grimms.

CLAUDE CHRISTOPHER PASSES ANNAPOLIS EXAMINATION

Claude Christopher, a member of the High School graduating class of 1924 and now residing in Winnemucca, Nevada, has been notified that he passed with high honors the Government's preliminary examinations for entrance to Annapolis. "The Silver State" says of this feat:

"Claude has only the advantage of a high school education, but that he got the most from his educational opportunity is attested by the brilliant manner in which he passed the government's examination, an examination which by the way, is far more difficult than any high school graduation examination.

"He was examined in this city Oct. 25, completing an eleven hour examination in higher mathematics, physics, English, ancient and American history, and the unbelievable time of three hours and a half actually elapsed. The young man heard nothing further concerning the result of the test until the wire came from Senator Pittman yesterday telling him of his eligibility as second alternate. Today a second wire came telling him of Senator Pittman's actual notification of the nomination to the navy department."

"Snowy", as all the boys know him here, attended Saint Mary's High for three years, coming here from St. Joseph's Academy, the junior department of Saint Mary's, where he spent several years in the grammar grades. While at Saint Mary's Christopher made a host of friends for himself and always stood among the highest in class work.

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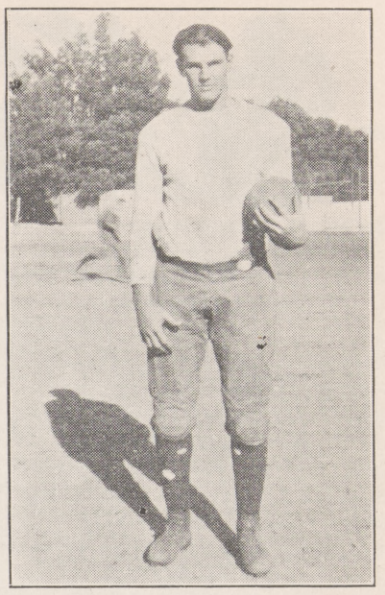

CAPTAIN AL TOBIN

For four years Al Tobin has been one of the outstanding stars on the Prep Varsity. This year he was rewarded for his splendid work by being made captain. He has been the backbone of the Prep eleven for the last two years—and what is better—Al intends to enter the College department next year, so that we have no doubt but that he will become the mainstay of the Varsity also. Quiet and unassuming, Al is one of the most popular men on the Campus among Collegiates and Prepsters alike.

SIENNA CLUB ENTERTAINS FOOTBALL TEAM

The Sienna Club again played hostess at a most delightful dinner in honor of the football team last Thursday evening. The dinner was a celebration for the win over Santa Clara while last year, Miss Cleary explained, it was a consolation affair for the defeat. In any case, the gridders more than enjoyed themselves. A dance followed the dinner at which the teachers-to-be and the Varsity both showed that among their many accomplishments, the terpsichorean art was not among the least.

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Sports

FELIX CUNNINGHAM GERALD MARTIN

SAINTS HAVE SUCCESSFUL FOOTBALL SEASON

On looking back over the football season just passed we find that the Saint Mary's Varsity has piled up a record of which any team might justifiably be envious. Coached by Edward P. Madigan, and led on the field by the inimitable Norman Strader, the team went through a most strenuous season of nine games with only one defeat.

To begin with the Saints easily trounced Duke Hodler's Mare Island Marines to the tune of 46 to 0. A week later they went out to California, and after a tough fight with the Golden Bears and a hectic battle with a certain ignominious official, emerged on the short end of a 17 to 7 score. Of this game nothing need be said. Most people know, and all should know, of the circumstances which attended it.

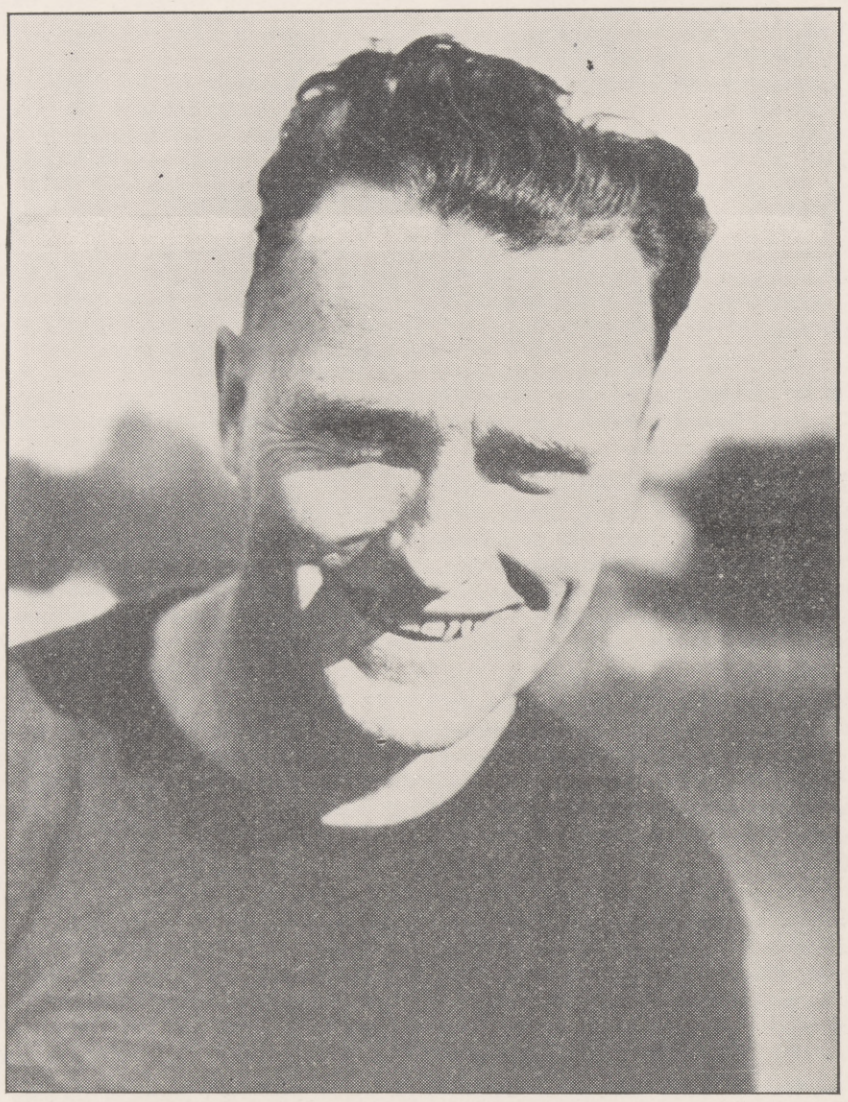
Smarting under this defeat the Varsity next took on the Agnetian Club eleven, which was then at the height of its power, and in what was probably the most open game of the season won out 7 to 3. On the week following the team administered to the Olympic Club the worst beating which the Winged O men received all season, and they then went up to Portland and won from the powerful Multnomah Club eleven, 14 to 0.

While the Varsity was in the North, Stanford and California were breaking athletic relations with U. S. C. In retaliation the Southern University cancelled its game with Stanford. Saint Mary's was invited to substitute for the Cardinals and Madigan accepted. And with practically no practice for nearly two weeks, without being pointed, the team found itself in Los Angeles at the end of about 2400 miles of almost steady travel. As we ourselves expected, but to the amazement of the assembled multitude in the South, the mighty Trojans were turned back defeated. The records say it was 14 to 10. The next game with the California Aggies, proved to be merely a light workout. The Saints won, 42 to 6.

Then, to prove that their victory over U. S. C. was far from a fluke, the men went up to Reno and took the Nevada Wolves into camp for a 27 to 0 score.

Finally, on Thanksgiving Day in San Francisco, Saint Mary's topped the season off as it should be toped off by beating Santa Clara 28 to 7. How we love that!

This remarkable success was due to no one man on the team in particular. Unity and unison prevailed throughout the season and the Varsity, with every man doing his best to win and not to star, resembled nothing if not a well oiled machine in every game. Thus when it comes to picking players who stood out it is found that every man on the team would have to be picked. Captain Strader, however, deserves some sort of mention because of the fact that he is practically a unanimous choice of the critics for All-Coast fullback. Red gained a total of 1411 yards from scrimmage in the nine games, besides being an inspiring and most lovable leader. We have never seen a man like him, and we hardly hope ever to see one like him again. And that's that.



COACH SLIP MADIGAN

A man and a coach who after four years of innumerable setbacks is now coming into his own. During the football season just past he placed a team on the field, which, besides being of vast credit to the Red and Blue, is one of the best in the West.

BASKETBALL PRACTICE BEGINS

Slip Madigan is one man who believes in preparedness all the time, and hence he issued a call last week to all the candidates for the basketball Varsity this year. By this time practice is in full swing and there is a goodly group of material from which to mould a team.

When Norb Paynter and Mike Kennedy left school and Dutch Conlan was injured during football season, last year's basketball team was left pretty much disorganized. Captain Conlan particularly will be missed. However, Elt Lawless, Ed. Lorigan, Jimmie Underhill, and Al. Farrell remain to form a nucleus about which Coach Madigan will endeavor to build up another very creditable team. With the men coming along in fine style, and if by any chance it will be possible for Conlan to get into the game by the time the season opens, we will not have to worry much about the basketball team.

There is also a large turnout of new players from whom something may be expected. Among these are Rose, S. Kelly, Yuvan, Arata, B. Paynter, Smith, Gleary, Freitas, Mallet, Muldoon, Donovan, Skarich, Quigley, and J. Crowley.

PREP BASKET-BALL TEAM STARTS PRACTICE

On Tuesday, Dec. 2, the Saint Mary's Preps had their first work out under the direction of Mr. Joseph O'Neil, former coach of the Sedalia High School in Missouri. This year the team will have the same men as last, with the exception of two graduates. Captain Joe Cunningham says that with the present material we should have the best team in the East Bay district. This year the Preps have a very hard schedule as they had to take the dates that the other schools gave them, and some of these teams are a lot heavier. The men who have heard the call for basket-ball are: Captain Joe Cunningham, Dink Swagerl, Joe Strie, Bob Yore, Mel Fitzgerald, Ed. Tazier, Joe Kelleher, Tom Walsh, Archie Marshall, Wilfred Le Sage, Steve Cattallica, and Charles Gavigan.

The games that are scheduled before Christmas are: Tech's K. O. T. Cs on Dec. 9, McClymond's on the 12th and Concordia on the 18th. All loyal high school supporters should be there at these three games and give the boys a big hand.

As to Mr. O'Neil; he coached the Sedalia High School for four years and during that time they won the state championship. He knows the game well and by the looks of things he should turn out a team that can hold its own against any in the state.

Keep your eyes on the Preps.

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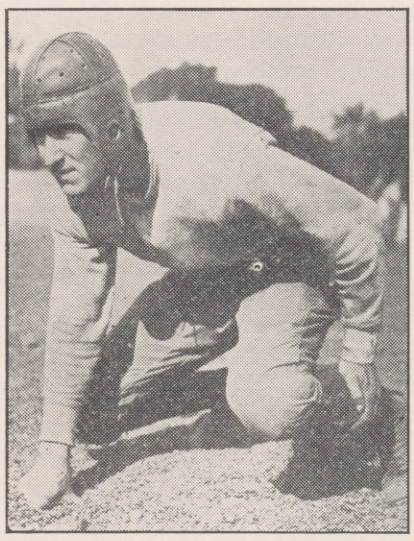

PAUL HUNGERFORD

Some men talk themselves to the front, others are in conspicuous places whereby the "fans" are thrilled, and still others work and plod for the benefit of the hero and the "self made" man. A truth in life and a truth in football. John Corrigan and Paul Hungerford have played their last year for Saint Mary's and we must admit that Alma Mater has lost two of the finest men who have ever been within her walls. Paul's record is an enviable one. For four years he has made holes in the line, allowing backfield men to make long gains . Of course, he has merely been doing his duty and the backfield have always given him credit, and yet—has he been given credit enough? Paul came here from the Navy; he has worked his way through college, coming back from work and studying after ten o'clock; he is the best offensive tackle on the Coast; and he has always proven himself to be a good student and a thorough Catholic gentleman. May Alma Mater have many more like him.

SAINTS TROUNCE BRONCOS 28 TO 7

During the past few years many people have come to the belief that the annual clash beween Saint Mary's and Santa Clara is bound to result in an upset of the dope. Be that as it may, we feel that the dope was reversed only in 1923. There was no upset this year. Saint Mary's was slated to win, and win it did in such a manner as to leave no after affects or bad taste whatsoever. On looking up the records we find that the score was 28 to 7. Crippled as the team was, with Conlan, Collins, and Grant out, there are some people who feel mighty lucky that the long end of the above score was not larger.

The largest crowd in the history of Saint Mary's-Santa Clara games was in attendance as Archbishop Hanna and Walter Camp, the Grand Dad of Football, stepped down from their box to congratulate the two rival captains and wish them luck. Hungerford kicked off for Saint Mary's and after a few plays it became manifestly evident that there was no comparison between the two teams. The Broncos were unable to make an inch against the powerful Saint defense, while the four horsemen from Saint Mary's pierced the Mission line at will. The issue was never long in doubt.

Toward the end of the first quarter, after a series of bruising plunges on the part of Strader and some long end runs and offtackle smashes by Rooney, King tossed a twenty yard forward pass into the waiting arms of Pat O'Rourke who raced across the line for the first score of the game. Hungerford converted, and the quarter ended a minute later.

The second quarter was merely a repetition of the first, with the Saint's supremacy even more pronounced. Rooney and Strader continued to star, and Underhill was tearing off consistent gains. Then, with the ball on the 31 yard line Rooney whipped the ball once more to O'Rourke, and big Pat shook off a couple of tacklers and dove across the line for the second touchdown. Incidently, the big athlete from the Emerald Isle was more than getting back at Santa Clara for the fate he shared a year before on the same field.

In the third quarter the Saints took the ball again to within scoring distance where the Bronco defense stiffened and Casanova kicked high and far from behind his own goal line. Rooney misjudged the punt and it rolled to the Saint Mary's one yard line. On the first play Strader broke through center and dashed thirty-five yards through a broken field before being brought down from behind. Rooney then brought the ball to the Broncos' forty yard line, from which Strader went off tackle on another terrific plunge which put the ball on the Santa Clara one yard line. With the Mission defense all bunched together the mighty Titian haired captain was three times sent into the middle of the Bronco line and three times was he stopped. On the fourth down Quarterback King changed his strategy and Jimmie Underhill took the ball around left end. Jimmie raced the whole width of the field before he was able to cut in. Two Santa Clara tackles got hold of him but he shook them off and in a last despairing effort made a perfect dive across the line for the Saint's third touchdown. Paul Hungerford again converted.

At the beginning of the last quarter the Santa Clara team driven to a point of desperation, opened up Coach Eddie Kienholz's bag of tricks which consisted of nothing more than a series of forward passes, and before the Saints could solve them the Broncs made a touchdown. Slip Madigan then sent Larry Bettencourt into the game with the solution of said bag of tricks, and when the " wraps were again thrown away" Bettencourt intercepted and tore through the entire Bronco team for a touchdown just as the final gun went off. Hungerford made it a perfect day by converting again.

CLARENCE NELSON

JOHN CORRIGAN

Saint Mary's loses Tim Corrigan this year, a graduate of Saint Mary's High School, a leader in student activities and Captain of the Varsity in 1923. Tim and Paul playing side by side have formed a combination which will be hard to fill in the years to come. For three years the backfield has made most of its gains through this side of the line. Besides being an athlete of the first rank Tim has more friends than any other man on the campus, so that what we shall say here is almost unnecessary. With never anything to say about his own prowress, he has done more than his share to put the Varsity at the top this year. His instructors are unanimous in declaring him a student and the number of his friends show his character beter than words can express it. Tim, we hate to lose you.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"Why," asked Mr. Hagerty when he called Homer Hicks for cursing, "do you use bad language when you get drunk instead of quoting Shakespeare?"

"Shakespeare?" returned Hicks, "Who's that guy?"

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On and Off the Campus

HERBERT COPP

PEACE AGAIN

Now that a successful football season has passed over our heads, and our team has put our name in the hall of fame, peace and quiet reigns once more on the famous "Ole Brickpile" campus.

We have been at war. We have raised our banner high and fought hard—all of us. How well our teachers know this. We have no particular craving for food for thought at times but at others, we like it. This was evident at the beginning of the semester. All kinds of work was heaped upon us—and we worked, worked hard. There was an atmosphere of study about the old school then. Everybody meant business and was hard at work, like the ant in summer. But soon football season came on and everybody said, "Them days is gone forever." So they were for a week or so, but the Santa Clara game brought us to the apex of a successful "Grid" year. The game of football has passed, the game of books is on.

Once again there is peace for we are no longer at war. There is coming back the atmosphere of quiet and study to the "Ole Brickpile" campus. All too soon seminars will be in vogue again, and examinations will be with us—and— —

There'll be no "one" grades on our card
Unless we dig in now and work,
work hard.

ORATORS IN THE MAKING

Since Father Sesnon, due to ill-health, has taken a needed vacation, the vocal expression class in the Upper Division has been conducted by Brother Agnon. From the lectures that were given during the first semester, the students mastered many fundamental principles, and now Brother Agnon has the pleasure of seeing these technical points exhibited in future orators.

Instead of assigning talks beforehand, the students give extemporaneous talks, for as Brother Agnon suggested, it is better to deliver unprepared speeches, for in after life, such talks will form part of our daily life. Everyone is enthusiastic and as a result many interesting classes are held each Monday and Saturday mornings.

When is a man not a man? When he's a shaving.

Why is an old man like a window? He is full of pains (panes).

ROOTING SECTION GOOD

Keeping up with the caliber of the football team our rooting section at the Big Game was every bit as good as had been hoped for. We can congratulate ourselves on this occasion for during the entire stunts few mistakes were noted. But it was not only in stunts that we proved successful, Captain Strader and the entire team said that during the whole game our cheers encouraged them whether they were in **Santa Clara territory** or not. Credit is due our yell leaders, Kardoza and Carroll for their leadership and the efforts in making our yells as snappy and effective as they were. It is a sign that the student body as a unit is serious in making the rooting section one of the features of the annual game. A rivalry between Santa Clara and St. Mary's manifested itself in the two sections and while the two teams fought stubbornly upon the gridiron, the bleachers vied with one another for supremacy. With due respect for the Bronc's rooting section, we feel proud of our own and justly so. We bettered last year's record and now let's prepare for bigger and better stunts next year.

SAM ILLIA ELECTED CAPTAIN OF THE PREPS

Sam Illia, a member of the third year high, was unanimously elected captain of the Prep Varsity at the High School Banquet last week. Sam made a name for himself this year as a line plunger. Two years ago, he was playing on the 110's but not to be outdone by his brother, Pope, Sam went out for the line at the beginning of this season. Coach Andrews soon saw that the backfield was his position and Sam was made full back. There he stayed the whole year. Sam is one of the most likely looking football prospects for the Varsity that has been seen for some time in the High School department. He should make a good captain and we wish him every success.

A LETTER

Dear Frank:

I was out looking for a job today because I will have to do something during the Christmas holidays to keep the wolf from the door. I thought I was sure to land a position at the Studebaker works, so I went there first. I saw Mr. Studebaker and I told him that we owned a Studebaker and that I was looking for a job. He said, "If I gave a job to everybody who owned one of my cars, I would have a couple of extra workmen."

When I got home I found your letter relating to the S. M. C.-U. S. C. game. I sure had to laugh when I heard that Cunningham was timekeeper. Of course I do not question his honesty but still the game ended with U. S. C. on the one foot line.

It is snowing outside now. It didn't feel cold when I saw snow in the moving pictures but it sure is cold back here. It is so cold now that I have to keep a candle next to my fountain pen to keep the ink from freezing. For the last two weeks the fellows have been spitting icewater.

There are a lot of philosophers in Chicago. It is very easy to pick them. They wear black bow ties, and they wear them at an angle. I crashed the gate here in Chicago last week. I didn't have a ticket, so I told the gate keeper that I was bringing in the gold for the goal posts.

That's all bunk about those "Four Horsemen" back here. I go out and watch practice once in a while and I have never seen any horses. Besides, they don't allow horses in a football game. Well the band is practicing now, and every time I hear them play I get sick, so will have to quit writing.

Yours till West Oakland fades,
BERNIE.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

WAITERS' BANQUET

The Waiters Union held its third meeting on Friday, Dec. 6. The Union is planning to hold a banquet on Wed. Dec. 10, this being the second one this year. Brother Stephen, the originator of the annual banquet, has promised that this year's will out pass those held before. Musical entertainment will be rendered by George Bertain with several of his cohorts. A few novelty stunts, speeches and other such things that go to make a banquet a success, will be employed during the evening.

Much enthusiasm has been shown by the members during the meetings, and within a short time they will be issuing challenges to the local teams in all sports. Louis Pometta and Boyd Smith, were appointed to manage the basketball and baseball teams.

JIM UNDERHILL

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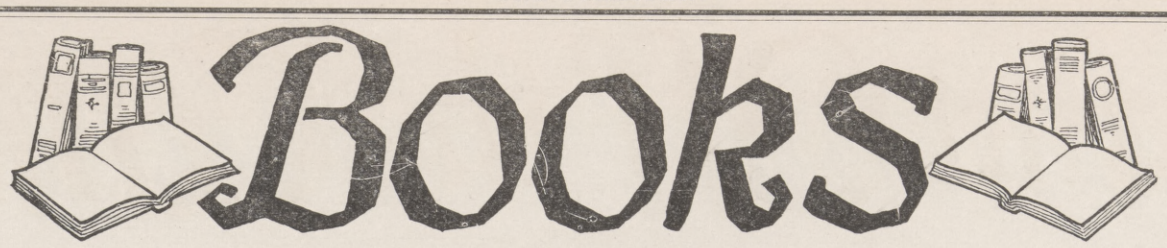

LOUIS DA MASSA

A CONSIDERATION OF FRANK NORRIS AND "THE OCTOPUS"

In the literary world the suggestion of unrealized genius becomes a magnet which attracts the student's interest and attention even though he be unconscious of the fact. Thus it is that those litterateurs, who never reached the pinnacle of mastery, but who, in their work, gave promise of wondrous potentiality, seem to have been magnetized beings, centers of attraction for all who make their acquaintance.

Frank Norris, a man who need must be in this class, died in the flower of his life. He was a young author climbing the peak of perfection when the grim sceptre, Death, overtook him. As a man he led a busy life, attaining worldly success in his youth. He studied art in Paris, literature at the University of California and Harvard, was a correspondent of the "San Francisco Chronicle" and the literary adviser of a New York publishing house. He received his primary foundation as a journalist, but having delved into literature, he soon became interested in fiction, and so great were his powers, that at the age of thirty-two, after eight meagre years of endeavor, he had already completed one masterpiece. He was becoming a master of world fiction. Here, however his life was brought to an abrupt close.

The masterpiece referred to, "The Octupus," was one of three books which was to form a great trilogy, known as The Epic of the Wheat, tracing the life of the wheat produced in California, through its transportation to its final consumption. "The Octopus" was the first of three, the second book was named "The Pit" and the third to be named "The Wolf," was never written. As "The Octopus" is considered Norris' masterpiece, it is the book by which he is known and thereby criticized.

The book itself, is of great interest to the student because it is considered an allegory of epic size, depicting humanity in the mass. Underneath lies the prevailing idea, the dominant symbol, Wheat. The interpretations of the plot of this story are interesting to note. From one source we learn that it is merely propaganda to place before the public the persecutions of the farmer by the railroad. Again, it portrays American life as a whole, and the wheat is symbolic of the people, the staff of life, the source of American power and prosperity. Or, it depicts the struggle between capital and labor, the symbol being the Railroads and the Wheat. It must be said, however, that no matter how interesting these theories are, they are merely the work of a constructive imagination and give no inkling to the truth of the story itself. The important feature of "The Octopus," is that although it is a vast allegory, an example of symbolism pushed to the extreme limit, it is intermingled with a true story. As John Curtis Underwood, a noted critic writes: "It is true in its epic sweeping and broadening intensity of interest; true technically and spiritually; true as poetry and prose; true in its comprehensive knowledge of life in the mass and in the little; true in its feeling for human nature, in the individual and the aggregate; true in its revelation of something more than mere humanity;—something to which all human personalities, all human laws and desires are subservient.—that inspires and sustains it."

—RAYMOND KEEGAN '27

WHY BE AN AUTHOR?

Robert Cortes Holliday in collaboration with Alexander Van Ranselaer has written a most practical book in "The Business of Writing," a practical guide for authors. Contrary to the general trend of his writings Holliday makes a contribution in this book, as the dedication reads, "To the many accomplished writers who, nameless to the general public, achieve success and happiness without fame or applause." Here is portrayed the weary and disheartening path of the novice writer. Holliday makes no attempt to create writers by the aid of this book, but wishes to shed light upon the dark ways of authorship. It is an attempt to give an intimate and friendly view of what actually goes on in the editorial offices of various kinds; "To dissipate widespread misconceptions of the business of authorship." He warns the novice to eschew pedantry, to strive for simplicity of style if he wishes to reach the literary market.

Holliday asks many pertinent questions concerning the art of writing. "Why be an author?" is a question he answers with several sidelights on the strangeness of the so-called "writers." Writing is an incentive to introspection; he goes on to say, that people are strongly tempted to write and have the fundamental qualities, but lack the superficial accomplishment needful for taking the material and "whipping it into shape." As the most potent remedy to the ambitious, but unsuccessful writer he advises copious reading; "the acquired memories of the artist" are to be gotten only by serious reading. In regard to matter for reading Holliday believes there is within us a guiding instinct. He quotes McFee, that literature is a creative art and we must create within us conditions suitable for literary production, which is best secured by constant reading and thinking.

Among Holliday's list of works is his Memoir to the memory of Joyce Kilmer. To read his Memoir alone would give one a satisfactory impression of Holliday. He is very personal in his discussion of the soldier-poet and in a clear style acquaints us with the intimacies of Kilmer. It is a splendid preface to the series of beautiful poems which follow. Particularly is Holliday most subtle and suave in dealing with Kilmer's conversion to the Catholic Church.

Roberts Cortes Holliday was born in 1880. He often writes under the pseudonym of Murray Mill. "Turns about Town," "Men and Books and Cities," "Broome Street Straws" are some of his noteworthy contributions to the field of American literature. As a writer Holliday, as yet, does not rank very highly, since his works have not the quality of originality and individuality.

—WILLIAM MARCINIAK '25

YEARNING FOR GOD

By JOSEPH J. WILLIAMS, S. J
(Benziger Brothers, N. Y., 1924. Price $1.50.)

"I want to go to God," cried a fever sick lad.

With this request of a dying boy as his text, Father Williams has developed a book that should please every reader into whose hands it may fall—and truly it should fall into the hands of every Christian.

Father Williams goes back to the beginnings of humanity and traces through the generations of mankind a desire of men that has ever been present—an undefined, unsatisfied longing for happiness—a yearning for God! And, just as men have always felt the desire for God, so have they persistently looked for God in the wrong places. Jesus was expected as a powerful monarch of the earth; men have always looked for happiness in riches. Before the advent of Our Lord men could be excused, but since God himself has shown us the way there is no excuse.

In the book, the Life and Passion of Our Lord are unfolded in great clearness. The story takes on a more definite and deeper meaning under the Jesuit's pen. Only in the footsteps of Christ Crucified may we hope to abate our unquenchable thirst for God!—only in the arms of Mother Church may we receive balm for our "heavenly homesickness!" But the footsteps of Christ are not hazy the way Father Williams paints them. They are real, practicable, and beautiful.

The work places several mystifying doctrines of Church Theology before us in such simple terms that we cannot but feel ecstacy as the beauties of hitherto unfamiliar beliefs dawn upon us. The Immaculate Conception of Mary and the Virgin Birth and inumerable incidents in the Life of Christ become better and more completely understood as we peruse the book.

It is a book that shall enthuse the reader and recall and enrich the memory of Our Lord's Life in the too forgetful Christian's heart.

Before all else, Father William's book is one that stirs in its readers the love for the Blessed Virgin, for the Christ Child, and for Christ Crucified.

HIGH SCHOOL BRANCH OF BLESSED SACRAMENT SOCIETY HOLDS MEETING

The High School branch of the B. S. S. held its first meeting last week. Brother Vantasian gave a short talk on the aims, purpose and ideals of the Society. Owen Murray, a Sophomore of the College Department, outlined the history and the good the society has done for the last fifteen years. Nearly all the High School students became members.

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STEPHEN DRISCOLL

PASTORS WHO HAVE GRADUATED FROM SAINT MARY'S

Among the priests who graduated from Saint Mary's and have become pastors, are the following:

Rev. E. P. Hayes, '75; Imogene, Ia. Rev. J. E. Cottle, '77 St. Brigid's, San Francisco. Right Rev. Monsignor M. D. Connolly '78, St. Paul's, S. F. Rev. E. J. Duran, '79 St. Monica's, S. F. Rev. C. E. O'Neile, '82, Holy Redeemer, S. F. Rev. P. E. Mulligan, '83 St. Joseph's, S. F. Right Rev. Monsignor E. P. Dempsey, '87, St. Francis de Sales, Oakland. Rev. J. B. Hannigan, '88, St. Phillips, S. F. Rev. J. A. McAuliffe, '90, St. Charles, S. F. Rev. E. J. Nolan, '81, St Bernard's, Oakland. Rev. P. T. Collopy, '94, St. Francis, S. F. Rev. W. A. Hughes, '97, The Visitation, S. F. Very Rev. E. T. Mallon, C. S. P. '98, St. Mary's S. F. Right Rev. Monsignor W. M. Hughes, '00 Catholic Indian Bureau, Washington, D. C. Rev. T. A. Crimmins, '01, St. Thomas Church, S. F. Rev. T. J. Kennedy, '01, Oakland. Rev. J. P. Towey, C. S. P. '02, Newman Hall, Berkeley.

REV. CLARENCE E. WOODMAN

After a long life in which he completed many good works, Rev. Clarence E. Woodman, C. S. P. passed away to his final reward, Saturday, Dec. 6. Father Woodman received the honorary degree of Doctor of Science from Saint Mary's in 1913.

IN MEMORIAM

We regret to announce the death of Francis M. Silva, '95. Mr. Silva was United States District Attorney under the Wilson administration. He was also Dean of the Saint Mary's Law School. May his soul rest in peace.

JOE PRELLI WILL HAVE CHANCE NEXT YEAR

Joe Prelli, a former student of Saint Mary's, will have a fine chance of making the Notre Dame Varsity next year. The Tribune says,

"Every man on the present "Irish cavalry" and 12 men off the second string are lost to Rockne next year.

"Steck, Mullin, "Red" Edwards, Johnny Scherer and Joe Prelli all looked good in the De Paul university-Notre Dame reserves game recently. Edwards and Scherer are being groomed to replace Stuhldreher at quarterback next season, while many eastern sorts writers, according to the report, pick Steck, Mullin and Prelli to erase the memories of Miller, Crowley and Layden.

A WORD OF PRAISE FOR THE LUNCHEON

An alumnus, speaking of the A. P. G. U. Luncheon, said,—"it was proof that the student body is behind the team, to lend it its support at all times. It was great to see the enthusiasm manifested when Captain Strader delivered his talk in behalf of the team. The walls did not crumble from the applause—not because the voices were weak, but probably because a Saint Mary's man designed the Hotel. This is the kind of spirit that encourages any team, and now that basketball is here, I hope you will give the men on the court just as much encouragement as you gave the men on the gridiron."

ALUMNI

We Need Your Subscription

To the Editor of the Collegian,

St. Mary's College, Oakland California:

Enclosed please fine $2.00 for one year's Subscription to the Collegian.

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Humor

DAVID WYNNE

Judge: "Why did you steal this gentleman's watch?"

Accused: "I'm cross- eyed, Judge, and I put my hand in his pocket by mistake —I only wanted to know the time."

Judge: "Three years."

* * * *

Minister (at baptism of a baby): "His name please."

Mother: "Randolph Morgan Montgomery Alfred van Christopher McGoof."

Minister (to assistant): A little more water, please."

* * * *

Construction Superintendent: "You big bonehead you've gotten us into a damage suit. I told you to fire that man—not to hit him with an axe.

Swedish Foreman: "Vell, boss, dose axe she have sign vot say "For Fire Use Only," so I use her."

* * * *

In Geometry Class

Proposition: If you love your girl, she loves you.

Given: That you love your girl.

To prove: She loves you.

Proof:

1. All the world loves a lover. (Shakespeare)
2. Your girl loves a lover. (Hypothesis)
3. You are a lover. (Evident)
4. She loves you. (Substitution)

—The Pacific Star

Dan: "How old is that lamp?"

Tom: "About six years old."

Dan: "Turn it down!. It's too young to smoke."

* * * *

Clement: "That snappy fellow you just danced with is in my class."

Esther: "You flatter yourself."

* * * *

Mr. Schmidt: "I don't feel preddy well Hans. I haf a horse in my throat."

Hans: "Dot a 'horse' is nod right. You mean you have a colt in your hedt."

* * * *

Judge: "Have you ever been up before me?"

Prisoner: "Why I don't know. At what time does your honoh usually get up?"

* * * *

"Hello, I want to order a box for tomorrow."

"What size?"

"There will be six of us."

"Then we'll have to make this special. We only give them in single sizes.

"Say, is this the theater?"

"No, it's the undertaker."

* * * *

Revenue Officer: "I think I've solved the prohibition problem."

Swastlike: "How so?"

Revenue Officer: "I cut out the middleman by selling directly to the consumer."

* * * *

"And a Little Girl Shall Lead Them—Astray."

135's DEFEAT YOUNG BRONCS

Signals, 45-19-24-82, hike 1-2-3. So was the signal that called the well executed criss-cross pass that administered a 6 to 0 defeat to the young Broncs by the Saints' 135's. The game was filled with thrills at all moments. Passing, bucking and tearing around end made up some of the spectacular playing which won the game. Never were the 135's threatened by their rivals.

Th Broncs elected to kick off. The young Saints attempted line bucks but failed and were forced to kick. It was after an exchange of punts that the 135's staged their great offensive drive. Burns and Stretch tore yard after yard through tackle and around end while Champion added to the yardage through the center of the line. Fine generalship was displayed very noticeably when the Saints neared the Bronco goal line and Jim Kendall, the flashy quarterback signalled for the pass, Burns to Stretch that scored the only touchdown.

With the 35's football schedule over and the Notre Dame shift down pat (thanks to Coach Gallagher) we can look for some of these men to fill any holes that are left in the Prep Varsity by graduation. Those who played were: Wall, O'Keefe, Fontana, McBride, Perovitch, Cattolica, Loafter, Castello, Kendall, Captain Stretch, Burns, Lewis and Champion.

NEW CATHOLIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHED

It is with interest that we look upon the latest Catholic publication, "The Commonweal." It is a weekly magazine, something on the order of "The America." The first number ranks it among the best in the United States. Some of the best writers of today are contributors to the new venture.

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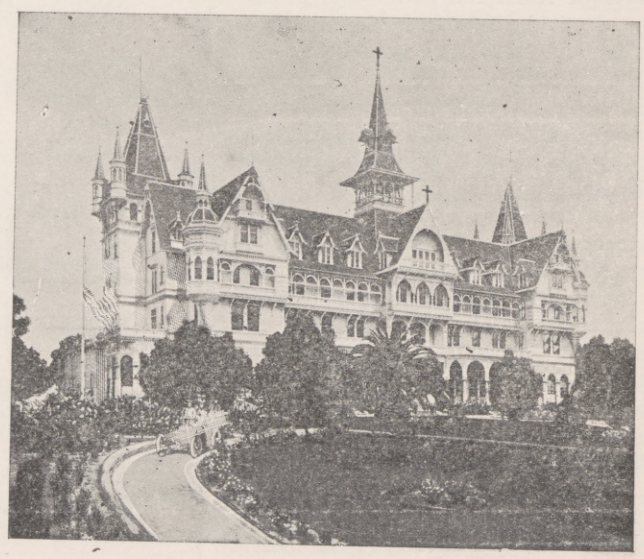

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